

LAUGHS IN THE HOME PAPER

AND SURPRISES, TOO. FOR HIM WHO HAS MOVED AWAY.

Directions When He Reads How Many "Refreshments Were Served"—Glad When the Man Who Arrested Him for Kissing Church Bell Gets Into Trouble.

Are you one of the thousands of New Yorkers who at those winter "State dinners" are described as "exiles"? If so, do you wait eagerly for the "weekly paper" and read the little items which keep fresh the recollection of the scenes of your early life?

For instance, if in the days of your youth you had stolen many a lump of "molasses sugar" from the big barrel in Jake Kosser's grocery store, and had ridden on his delivery wagon and helped deliver goods for the very joy of doing it, wouldn't you smile to read this news about Mr. Kosser in the last paper from your home in Iowa:

Some fellow without the fear of God in his heart and but little respect for a sacred holiday "mooched" Jake Kosser's gun slot machine from in front of the store Thanksgiving evening. Jake put on his long distance lenses and took "cupings" and said he was glad to note that they didn't take the building.

If Sheriff Ricketts had looked you and several other boys in the town calaboose because in an excess of patriotism on the night before the Fourth you broke a window and climbed into the Congregational church to ring the bell, wouldn't you roar gleefully to read this item in that same paper:

Sheriff Ricketts owns a cow, just an ordinary cow, but his wife insisted on him doing the milking, and when it seemed that his affections were more than he could bear, the smile of a contented cow would linger where the bloom of health had long since faded.

On another page your eye meets the sad news of the death of Mr. George Quist. You recall that Mr. Quist was always a walking advertisement for his calling of undertaker; that is, his garb, always black save for the turndown collar and cuffs to match, suggested a funeral, and you can't recall that you ever heard him laugh. Mr. Quist was a constant advertiser, you remember, and an unchangeable suspicion gets into your head. This is the concluding paragraph of the obituary:

His life on earth was one of sunshine and continuous happiness. His greatest pleasure was scattering roses along the thorny path of others, and when it seemed that his affections were more than he could bear, the smile of a contented cow would linger where the bloom of health had long since faded.

It is more than likely in any event that you will be particularly impressed by the amount they have put out in special recordings. It seems that every paragraph in the society column conveys the intelligence that "refreshments were served." Here are a few paragraphs from a recent issue:

One of the leading social events of last week was the dance given Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Abby Sullivan of Edinville, who has been a guest of the Pontons. Frapp was served during the evening and a very enjoyable time was had by all of these present.

"The Bachelor Maids met last Tuesday evening at Stella Underhill's home. Neapolitan ice cream, two kinds of cake and coffee were served. Katie Wood was elected secretary to succeed the late Margaret McIntire. A good time was had by all.

The Rebecca had initiation at the Odd Fellows Hall last Monday evening. After the initiation refreshments were served.

The girls of Mrs. Tietz's class met in the lecture room of the M. E. church last night. After plans for the Christmas exercises were talked over they all went over to Mary Patterson's house across the street, where Mrs. Patterson had prepared a nice lunch consisting of sandwiches and coffee.

The Women's Association for the Promotion of Civic Betterment, which was organized last week, had two rare treats awaiting them at their weekly meeting. Mrs. Hardman's beautiful home last Tuesday afternoon. First was a lecture by Mrs. Boswick, founder and past president of the Menasha Women's League for the Encouragement of Civic Righteousness, and was a banquet served by the local organization in Mrs. Hardman's dining room.

The Whisperers had a hayrack ride to Andy Taylor's farm southeast of the city Friday evening. The moon shone brightly and all had a good time, especially at Andy's, where buttermilk and cake were served bountifully to all who had come. For some of the girls who complained of feeling cold Mrs. Taylor also made some hot coffee. Next week the Whisperers expect to drive to Chris Sorenson's on the Morton road.

The Daughters of the Eastern Star and the P. E. O. club had a joint meeting in the lodge room of the former last Saturday evening. There was a fine banquet served by Talcott, the Main street baker, after the visiting was over. There were seven couples and the Stars and the P. E. O.'s voted Mr. Talcott an excellent caterer.

But the most striking thing in that issue was an omission of a dash at the end of an advertisement which, coupled with a mistake made in sawing off a piece of "holier plate" to fill a hole in the form for which there was no local news, produced this result:

WANTED
Two Operators at the Telephone Office like animals, with a tendency to clothe themselves in colors that reproduce the prevailing tone of their surroundings, as Huskin has said, though some modern thinkers, taking a somewhat different view, maintain that it is necessary for them to wear any.

Force of Habit.
From the Boston Herald.

A Boston psychologist was recently reminded of the story of the Russian jailer who, changing his occupation, found the chief interest of his leisure moments in catching birds, putting them in cages and selling them to the highest bidder.

The scientist having to attend a series of lectures in a large public hall struck up acquaintance with the janitor of the building and soon noted in him a suggestive hint of mind. The man seemed fond of counting the people, and would occasionally report the exact number present. We have his list here to-night, he would say, or "just 201 all told," or, when the hall was crowded, "I make it 270." There was a problem in all this, but it took some time for the psychologist to solve it.

A bit of friendly, familiar talk, continually renewed, did the business, for it brought out the fact that the janitor was the janitor of the previous years of his life as a warden in an Eastern prison. With rifle on shoulder, from some occasion, he had been released, counted his convicts until the habit became ingrained. In the recesses of his brain the lecture hall took the shape of a jail yard, and the audience were his prisoners. He counted because he wished to know if all were there.

Ink From Banana Tree.
From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"The banana furnishes us with ink, with handkerchiefs, with wax, with blacking, with excelsior, with oil, with flour, with window cord, with brushes.

"You don't believe me, do you?" he said. "You don't believe me, do you?" he said. "You don't believe me, do you?" he said. "You don't believe me, do you?" he said. "You don't believe me, do you?" he said.

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CUBAN CIGAR MAKERS.

While They Work Novels and Newspapers Are Read to Them.

A Cuban cigar factory of the best class is by no means a stupid place to work. Not only does every cigar maker have plenty of light and air, a leather covered chair to sit on and the privilege of keeping on his hat while he works, but he is entertained meanwhile with novels and newspapers, song and diabolism.

The factory reader sits at the rear of the workroom, enthroned upon an elevated stand. He is paid from the private funds of the cigar makers, the cost to each man ranging from 10 to 15 cents a week.

This covers the cost of the books, novels and newspapers, as well as a salary of \$29 which is paid the president of the reading committee to make the application he is supposed to lose from his work while engaged in counting votes or making the weekly collection.

According to the Cuba Review and Bulletin these readers earn from \$40 to \$60 a week, reading for a period of three or four hours a day. As a rule each factory has two readers and newspapers are taken up in the morning and books or novels in the afternoon.

The selection of the book or novel to be read is an interesting feature. It takes the character of a political election, each man voting for the book he wants. The president of the reading committee counts the votes and announces the winning book, which is forthwith bought and placed in its turn to be read.

The cigar maker is a very independent workman. He has no fixed hours, but comes as he pleases. If he remains away no more than a reasonable time he can have his old place back again.

All work is piece work, but wages are according to the size and the kind of cigar he can make. He is allowed to talk and smoke while working, but the reading committee is not to be disturbed.

Those who cannot read or write are yet kept informed on public questions and are able to discuss intelligently problems of national and municipal interest. They seem to be well posted on scientific discoveries and other matters.

It is common that the newspapers have editorial articles which arouse the patriotic feelings of the men. Then the reading is stopped, voices are heard commenting on the subject treated and their kind of discussion is very lively on the flat surface of their working table.

This is their mode of applauding. Sometimes the national hymn and other popular airs are sung, but singing is reserved for important occasions, such as the victory of a Cuban in a foreign country in some athletic contest, in a hard game wronged nationally and municipal interest.

The excitement, however, only lasts for a few minutes, work is at once resumed and the only voice heard in the big room is that of the reader.

The wages earned by the cigar makers vary. Some make as much as \$50 a week, while others who are not experts in making the selected sizes draw a weekly salary of \$10 or \$15 a week.

Some cigar operatives need only to make a small number of good cigars a day to draw big wages, because the cigar they make is an expensive one for which they get 15 or 25 cents.

HUNTING BEARS IN ALASKA.

Some of the Biggest of the Brain Family Found in Far North.

From the Chicago Post.

There is good bear hunting on the Alaskan peninsula. I got seven grizzlies one afternoon, all of them within a quarter of a mile and not over half an hour's time. The smallest of them was a three-year-old, and I should say they averaged 200 pounds. It took thirteen cartridges to bring the seven down.

Grant G. Chase, hunter and prospector, who for eleven years has spent most of his time in the Alaskan wilderness, is now in reminiscent fashion at the Sherman House this morning and told a few bear stories on the eve of returning to his favorite haunts.

Then Mr. Chase, who for several years has shared his husband's life and who has kept a diary wherein is faithfully recorded the number of bear, caribou, sea otter and other fur-bearing mammals he has killed and the measurements of the biggest skins.

"I suppose I have killed 500 or 600 bears altogether," continued Mr. Chase. "Of course a good deal of my time has been given to some copper properties. I am interested in or the number might have been much larger. At one time and another I have hunted bear pretty much all through the Rockies, but there isn't another place to equal the Alaskan peninsula.

"Big? Well, I'll tell you. Those bears up there are the largest in the world. A full grown male weighs from 2,000 to 2,500 pounds. The skin of the largest I ever killed measured thirteen feet four inches long and thirteen feet three inches around from throat to crotch. I can lift as much as the average man, but I'm telling it straight when I say that with Mrs. Chase to help me I couldn't turn that fellow over on his back to skin him.

"Twenty feet is the nearest a bear, bent on mischief, ever got to me. An old female, whose cub I had brought down, came for me one day and she was mad. She was sixty or seventy yards distant and in a bunch of alder when I took my first shot at her. She got up and came out in the clearing and she saw me and came for me in earnest. I worked my gun pretty rapidly and the shots took effect. She was about six paces away when she dropped.

"Mrs. Chase and I got a scare once, though, in rather a ludicrous way. I had three camps in a lonely region where for three years Mrs. Chase never saw a white man. I had put up 'barricades,' or hoppers, of drift wood, the only kind available. We were going from one camp to another when I brought down a bear.

"We were in no hurry, so we stopped, built a fire and had some lunch. After lunch—about an hour after the shooting—we went down into a gulch where the bear was lying. Mrs. Chase was carrying an aluminum teapot. I got her to help me turn the bear over, and I was about to remove his hide when the big fellow suddenly came to life.

"You should have seen Mrs. Chase go up that hillside. The best of it was, in spite of her haste, she took time to rescue her teapot. I believe I jumped about twenty feet myself. If that bear had been in shape to do damage there might have been some trouble, but he wasn't. As a general thing there isn't much adventure—it's too easy."

Uses for Austrian Recruits.
From the Lady's Realm.

Like the famous John Gilpin, the heir to the throne has a frugal mind and, it has been exercised in the past, sees great chances to exercise this virtue at the expense of the poor recruits.

Scores of these who come from the country are drafted off to the archducal estates and do their military service there, much of it consisting in gamekeepers' duties in the Archduke's pheasant preserves. The recruits are also used when improvements in the parks and grounds are being made. According to one story, as many as them are marched about the park to do duty as dummy trees while the heir to the throne stands at a distance and experiments as to where a clump of trees would look best.

The soldiers, being merely human, object all the more because there are no extra rations for this kind of duty. They are generally shifted for themselves and their miserable pay only procures them food far poorer than that which they would get in barracks, although that is not very sumptuous.

Rothschilds Wedding Downy.
From the London Globe.

There are only three applications this year for the Rothschilds wedding downy, for which the late Marquess of Dufferin is given of £1,000, the interest of which is to be left annually by the Marquess of the town to some deserving bride.

YALE FOOTBALL DOES COST!

\$40,000 SPENT ON THE ELEVEN IN SIX WEEKS THIS FALL.

That is as much as Eleven Professors Get in a Year, or as is Expended in Helping Needy Students Through College—But the Profits This Year Are \$40,000.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 21.—Yale athletes who have been figuring just how much it cost to beat Princeton and Harvard at football this year have discovered that Yale paid out more for her football department in six weeks than she spends on President Hadley, Secretary Stokes, Treasurer McClung and six of the leading Yale professors in a year.

As a setoff football this season turned into the Yale treasury about twice as much money as the entire freshman class paid for tuition for the fall term. The gross receipts, it is estimated, will be close to \$80,000, with about half that, or \$40,000, representing the cost of maintenance of the team.

Maintaining her football department this year cost Yale a third more than was expended by the university last year in helping 229 needy students through the academic department. That third would cover the amount granted in scholarships to the Sheffield Scientific School.

With the money expended for this branch of athletics the Yale Corporation could support ten new professors at the regular yearly salary of \$3,750 each, paid to men of family, and have enough left to hire an unmarried member of the faculty.

It is estimated that the cost of maintaining the grand stands this year at Yale will exceed \$15,000, which would pay the salaries of five new members of the Yale faculty, or pay the tuition for one year of about 100 needy students in the academic department. The travelling expenses of the team this year, which it is estimated will reach about \$10,000, give sixty-five undergraduates one year's free tuition.

On the other side of the ledger, however, it is found that the gross receipts from football this year will surpass the entire amount of money paid for tuition this term by all the undergraduates of the academic department, some 1,300 in number.

While during the last fifteen years, since football became the most popular sport of the universities, the receipts have doubled, the expenses incidental to the maintenance of the team at Yale have almost trebled.

In the season of 1891-92, when Lee McClung, the present Yale treasurer, was a football star, the gross receipts from this branch of sports were \$31,333, while the expenditures were \$13,790.

The Harvard game of that year, which was played at Springfield, turned in to the Yale treasury \$9,812, while the Yale officials last year received \$35,954 as their share of the gate receipts from the Yale-Harvard game. In those days the Princeton game was the big money getter for Yale, the Yale-Princeton game of 1891, which was played on the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds on Thanksgiving Day, netting Yale \$14,425. The receipts from the Princeton game of last year almost doubled those of the game fifteen years before, reaching \$28,100.

In the report of the year of 1891-92 the work at Yale field was covered by the modest sum of \$80, while a conservative estimate this year puts the figures beyond the \$15,000 mark.

In the matter of athletic supplies and shoes the expenses have jumped nearly 100 per cent. In the last fifteen years the bill for shoes last year was \$1,205, with an additional expenditure of \$3,413 for merchandise and sporting goods. In the report for the 1891 team the athletic equipment cost \$1,158, without any special reference to shoe bills.

In the trophy fund a slashing cut has been made. For whereas McClung's band of players paid out \$2,529 for trophies and flags, the members of last year's team limited themselves to \$1,000 for these souvenirs.

The expenses of administration have greatly increased in recent years, owing to the cost of sending out tickets for the two championship games, as well as the distribution of the regular season tickets. This necessitated an outlay last year of over \$7,150.

MEXICAN CARRIES HIS MONEY.
He Dislikes Checks and Doesn't Understand Bank Books.

From the Mexican Herald.

Almost any Mexican in professional or business life carries on his person anywhere between \$200 and \$500. Even the poor Indian in his blanket can more than likely produce more than many foreigners.

The ordinary Mexican professional man will be found to carry sums of money on his person that would surprise the ordinary traveler and even cause him worry were he forced to carry it with him, yet the Mexican never even thinks of it.

It was but a few days ago that an instance of this kind was brought to attention. One Mexican of the middle class asked another in a casual way if he could change a thousand dollar bill. The other pulled out a wallet from his inside pocket and counted out nearly \$2,000. Time after time this has happened and it seems so uncommon thing for a Mexican of the middle class to carry between 1,000 and 2,000 pesos on his person.

The check idea seems to have taken but small hold as yet upon the citizens of Mexico, especially when small amounts of less than \$1,000 are concerned. They consider it much easier to pay spot cash than to give a check for amounts of \$50 and \$100, and they claim with some amount of reason that a business deal can be put through with better advantage when the cash is in sight.

Even the Indian in the street carries amounts of cash that would never be supposed to be in his possession. They carry their money in a leather belt, fastened around their bodies inside their trousers. These belts are hollow and are open at one end. Into the open end the Indian slips his pesos or bills until he has the whole full. The belt then is either taken off and hidden away or the bills are changed for larger denominations and still carried around the body. But the Indian is a stickler for "pesos duros" and prefers them to any other class of money except gold.

To the Indian money is money and a bank book stands for nothing in his way of reckoning. A check he will not accept under any circumstances, because he does not understand it. A coin or paper currency is what he is after, and that is what he keeps his hands on when he gets it.

Tiger's Refuge in Tree.
From the Bombay Gazette.

News of a tiger being brought in from a village about three miles from the capital, the Chief of the State went out with a party. The guns were placed in trees and the tiger being driven out, the Maharaja wounded him in the jaw.

The tiger thereupon sprang into a chilla tree and, grasping the trunk with his forepaws and resting his hind legs on a branch, remained hidden in the foliage for five minutes. Then the dogs were let loose after the tiger. But he stuck to his seat and would not come down till the dogs, getting a smell of him, jumped up to catch his tail, which was just dangling over their heads.

Down sprang the tiger on one of the faithful dogs, breaking his spinal cord and wounding another at the gland. But his onslaught brought on his own ruin through a deadly bullet of his Highness's new rifle.

The Door of Doom.
From the Reader.

Many old houses in Holland have a special door which is never opened save on special occasions—when there is a marriage or a death in the family.

The bride and bridegroom enter by this door, and it is then nailed or barred up until a death occurs, when it is opened and the body is removed by this exit.

BORROWED PRAIRIE HOME.

Woman's Experience in Holding Down a Western Kansas Claim.

From the Fort Worth Record.

Fort Worth has as her guest a woman who has given such demonstration of grit, determination and independence as but few women can lay claim to. She is Mrs. Lucy Rymus, and she is indulging in a bit of an outing and a visit to a daughter here, after spending sixteen lonesome months on a quarter section claim near Dodge City, Kan.

"About two years ago I decided I would pick out a claim in Kansas and went to Dodge City and from there out about seventeen miles and settled on 160 acres. I had only a small amount of money and less income and didn't know just how I would get along," said Mrs. Rymus. "A family living about two and one-half miles off had added onto their house and did not need a little room they had used before. They let me have this as a 'borrow' and moved it for me to a place on land on which I lived. I am to give it back to them when I am through with it."

"This little room is just about five feet tall, about twelve feet wide and long and I have to stoop to get in it. One side has a window—frame window—in that respect it is stylish. The walls, outside and inside, are whitewashed, the work of my own hands. The bed is of planks, colored indigo blue, but it gives comfort at night. There is plenty of cover and I never did get very cold. A small box is my chair and a larger one my eating table and I have two or three cups, saucers and plates. That is all there is in the room."

"I cooked my meals—such as they were—out of doors on a ground fire, in barbecue style. But I did not keep much meat or food around me, and have only a few wild animals. I got most of it as I needed it from neighbors who lived about three miles off. One time I was snowbound three days and it looked like I was about to run out of something to eat, but the sun came out and drove the snow away and I found my way to the neighbors."

"There was a few months when I thought I would lose my claim. I left it for a while to help some of my children, and when I got back other parties had filed on it and wanted me to pay them to leave. I took it in the courts and won, but I had to file again because I had not stayed on it. This was about eighteen months ago, and when I filed the second time I decided not to leave my claim at all. And I didn't. When I left the other day I had lived there more than sixteen months; had kept a little garden, raising what few products I could. I had ten acres in wheat. But I had to buy 'most all I ate, and a pension of \$12 a month helped me more than paid for them. But I had to help my girls and it kept me scheming all the time."

"Coyotes swarmed it seemed around my home at night, and sometimes it seemed hundreds were there at one time. They shrill cries lasted all night, but I soon got used to it and slept sound. Other wild beasts also came around and mixed their hideous growls with the coyotes, but none ever bothered me very much."

"Snakes gave me no trouble than anything, the prairie grass being full of rattlers. I was never bitten though. One day, I remember, a rattler popped up in my pathway only two or three feet away, and my little girl was with me. I feared she would be bitten. I was carrying a basket and in it was only one lump of coal. This was my only chance. I took it and threw it with all my might straight at the head of the hissing reptile, it struck him square in the mouth and he tumbled over, writhing in pain, but not dead. In a moment he was up again, and I knew he would dart for the girl and me. But I was prepared for one more attack, and with a chip of the prairie knuckled him down again. This time he was too badly hurt to bother us and we went our way safe. And what a relief it was. But the snakes were fairly good after that and I never met more that would follow me or keep me from getting out of their way."

"It was pretty lonesome away out there on the prairie, but somehow or other I enjoyed the novelty of it all. Days were long, nights were much longer, but I felt that the land was worth the effort, and it was the only way I had of getting what the law said I was entitled to. When I left the claim several days ago to come to Fort Worth I had spent a few days more than sixteen months on it, and I will get my certificate from Washington in a few days."

Canaries Steamship Pets.
From the Boston Herald.

Few and far between are the steamships entering the port of Boston that cannot boast of a canary. No matter how battered and rusty the craft may be one is pretty sure to find the canary somewhere in the rooms of the officers or crew. Its cage, as a rule, is a tin can, and the canary himself is usually in a cage whose trill and whistle are of the best.

The little songsters appear to enjoy life on the ocean. Seidens are they inconvincingly by the motion of the vessel and the more the cage swings from its hook the more they warble. Sailors will tell you a canary is a mascot. Be that as it may the canaries are great pets. Frequently one may see a sailor on the waterfront lugging his bird and cage to some new berth.

BRIDE OF THE CAUCASUS.

Escorted to Her Wedding With Much Music and Merrymaking.

Henry Napoleon in Harper's Magazine.

The sound of low music is heard along the valley. Here comes the bridal procession itself, a crowd on foot bearing its company. In front walks a merryman holding out a long wooden skewer in either hand. On one skewer are slabs of bread transfixed; on the other, fragments of cooked meat, cooling in the autumn air. At his side trots a friend with dripping wine in his arm—a bagpipe full of mirth.

One foot of the skin is untied, and only held together by finger and thumb. For every passerby upon the road must drink and each must take his bit of bread and meat from the skewers, that, having enjoyed the kindly fruits of the earth, he may wish the bride fertility and go upon his way in pleasant mood.

Behind the hospitable food and drink comes music, most lavish of the arts, pouring itself out, as the birds sing, to all who are near enough to hear. Usually the musicians go on foot before the bride's carriage, but if they can borrow an extra cart, it is certainly easier to keep time together when one has not to watch the rocks upon the road, or wade knee deep across the river beds.

Last comes the bride in bullock cart or two horsed phaeton, shaken but glorified. Her head is dressed in Georgian fashion. Round the top of her head is a shining black ring, much the same in effect as the ring that Zulu chiefs wear in their hair. On each side of the face long curls hang down, usually false, for they are frankly attached to the ring, and form a large article of commerce in all Georgian towns. Over rings and curls and all flows the characteristic white gauze veil, trimmed with lace along the edge for the happy, but shorn of all beauty for widows or for the mother whose baby is dead. So the bride comes, and at her side sits the next prettiest girl of the village, to keep her in countenance and divide the gaze of inconsiderate or too admiring males.

While the ancient ceremony is celebrated inside the church the music continues, and boys keep up a din at the door. Then the procession is reformed, the bride mounts the cart himself beside the bride, the simple house of wood and stone is reached and he carries her over the threshold into the scene of her new life. There she will winnow and dry the maize, hang the tobacco leaves in the loft, help with the vintage and the beasts, work the wooden loom, give her husband food, and rear children to repeat the way of life with little change.

BROOD OF PYTHONS.

Lively Young Family—First Instance of Hatching in Captivity.

From the London Tribune.

Most people know that vipers bring forth their young alive and that the common English grass snake deposits its eggs to be hatched by the heat of decaying matter. Some of the great constricting snakes, however, require a certain amount of care over their eggs, gathering them into a heap and coiling around them till the young make their way out, or are helped into the world by the kindly offices of the keepers who break away the harden shell.

A case of this kind occurred with the Indian pythons in the Tower Menagerie in the early part of the last century, and there are on record at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, the Regatta Park Gardens and at a later date in those at Leipzig. An incubation which has been most successful in the past was recorded from the Tierpark of Herr August Fockelmann at Gross-Bornstedt, near Hamburg.

In August last he bought a large relict python from a sailor trading to the East. Within a month she began to lay eggs, and when one was examined it was found to contain a partly developed embryo. As time went on others were opened, and in this way the proprietor obtained a series of specimens of young in different stages of development. The mother python paid the greatest attention to her eggs, leaving them daily at night, when she went for a time into the bath.

The general results appear to be far better than have hitherto been obtained. At Regatta Park, though it was found that the eggs had been fertilized, no living young were produced. At Gross-Bornstedt twenty-seven young pythons came out, and their owner described them as very lively little reptiles, with much the appearance of common grass snakes, measuring from twenty-two inches to two feet in length, and lying at anything offered to them with sufficient force to make an impression on one's finger.

It is now over 20 years that food for the first time—white mice of a pretty good size. All appear to be in the best possible condition, and about their reach maturity. The fact of their having been hatched in confinement will no doubt enhance their value considerably, for this is the first instance in which this particular species has so bred.

Puzzle for the Patient.
From Harper's Weekly.

Stranger—My friend, why are you swearing so?
Cuspid—Why? Because of a blank fool of a doctor. I got comfortable in my bed, and he came in and said, "Take me a half hour before you feel the pain coming on."

Greenhut and Company

Dry Goods

Store Open Evenings Until Christmas

We shall have pleasure in extending the courtesy of the opening of a charge account with this store to persons of financial responsibility. For the convenience of customers we are issuing Glove and General Merchandise Certificates which may be procured throughout the store.

Nowhere in New York can every requirement of Christmas shoppers be so thoroughly gratified as at this new store.

No matter how little or how much one may wish to expend, fullest satisfaction can be had from among the broad, new stocks of holiday goods assembled—many of the articles being impossible of duplication. Merchandise of a gift-giving character will not be carried over the holidays. And to give an idea of the heavy price-reductions we have made to bring about this clearance with absolute certainty we print here a few suggestive items—let them bring to mind scores of others equally as good:

5.00 Flannel Waists; tailored, non-shrinkable, stripes of various colorings	3.75
Misses' Standard Work Baskets; lined with colored satin	3.50
Eiderdown Bathrobes; in colors, satin and applique trimmed. Former price 8.50	5.50
Girls' 9.00 Full-Length Coats; in blue, red or brown cheviot, velvet trimmed	6.50
Women's Silk Thread Stockings; embroidered openwork ankles. Former price 4.00; now 3.00. Handsomely embroidered thread silk hosiery in black, white and colors.	Former 1.85
price 2.50	
Electric Reading Lamps; former price 27.00; now	17.50
English China Service; plates of rich gold border decorations. Former price 35.00 a doz.	18.50
Men's and Women's Umbrellas; close roll silk, variety of handsome handles. Former prices 5.00 and 6.00; now 4.00. Women's umbrellas of union taffeta, variety of handles.	Former 2.50
prices 3.00 and 3.50	
Writing Papers; cabinet of 72 sheets and 72 envelopes, assorted sizes; fine fabric finish,	60c
Silk Toilet Cases; lined and interlined with rubber	1.75
Men's House Coats; of silk and wool matelasse, black grounds with neat colored figures, Venetian lined. Former price 10.00	6.50
Silk lined; former price 16.50	10.00
Manicure Sets; ebony or bone handles; completely fitted. Former price 1.25	85c
Regulator Clocks; crystal case, gold-mounted, 8-day movement. Former price 22.50,	16.75
Royal Vienna Vase and Pedestal; richly decorated with Napoleonic battle scene. Former price 400.00	225.00
Misses' 13.75 Princess Dresses; full-plaited models, in all desirable colorings	10.75
Women's Boudoir Slippers; crocheted, with lambs' wool soles, variety of colors; also women's felt Romeos, in colors. Former prices 1.25 and 1.50	1.00
Carved Back Combs; former price 75c	50c
Leather Writing Tablets; with ink-well and paper holder. Former price 1.25	95c
Men's 6.50 Blanket Robes; of wool, in gray, blue and brown, Jacquard figures	4.85